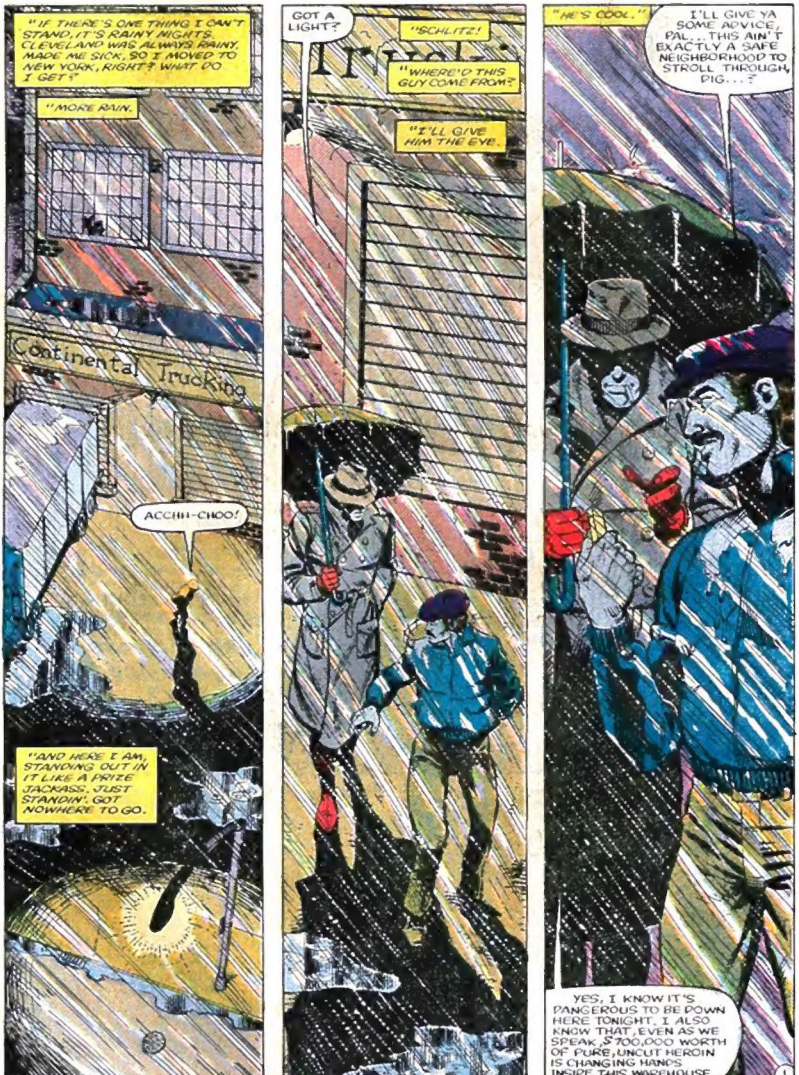
MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
THE WRATH OF SUNTURION!
65¢
U.K. 30p
CAN. 75¢
224
NOV



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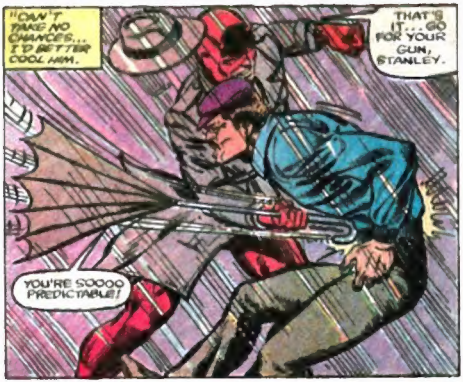
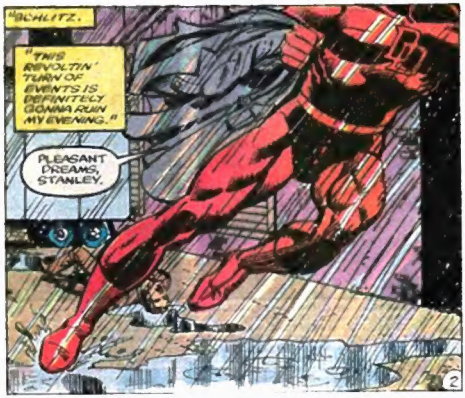
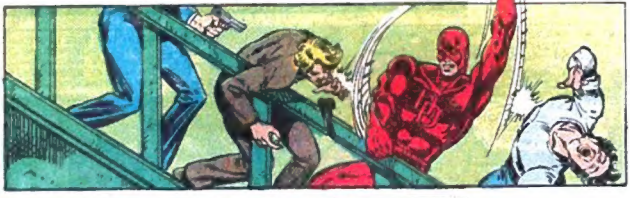




I DON'T LIKE THIS.
YEAH, WHAT'S KEEPIN' HIM?
"ME."

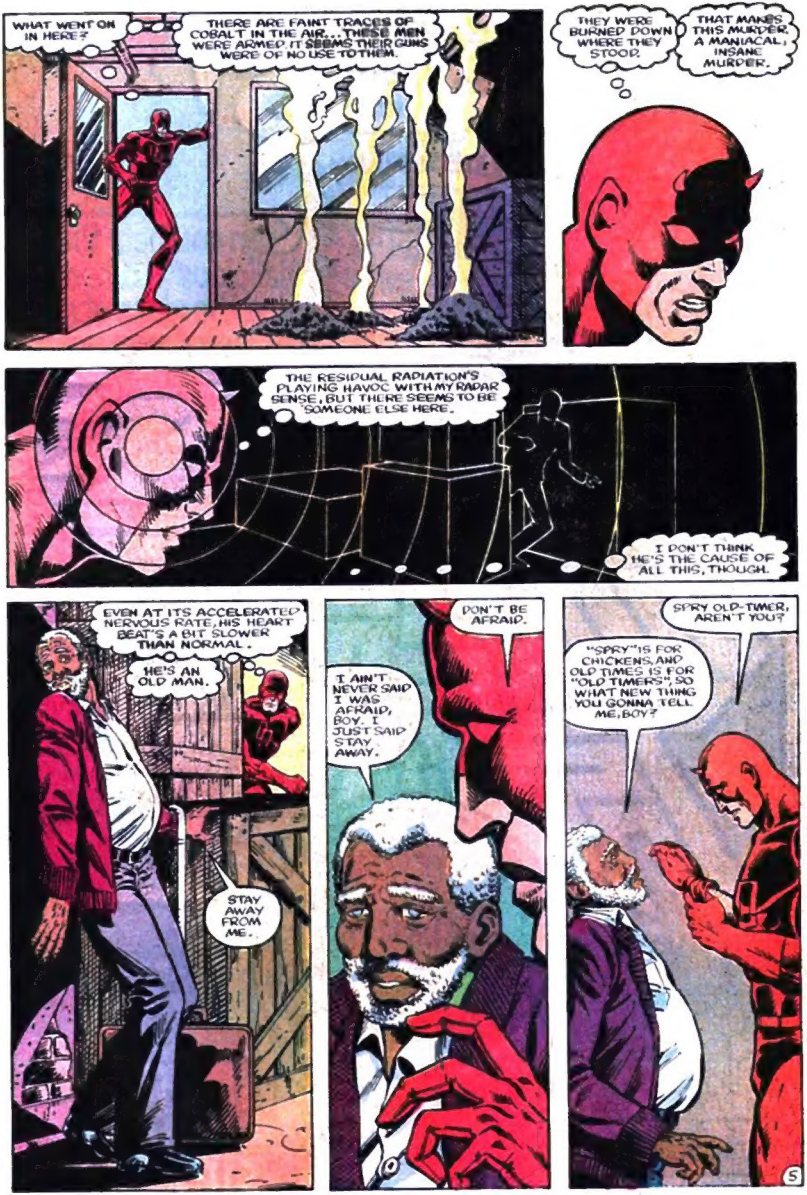
WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
JUST WHO THE...
"I GOT YOUR BACK, GUYS. NOW I'M GONNA GET YOU."

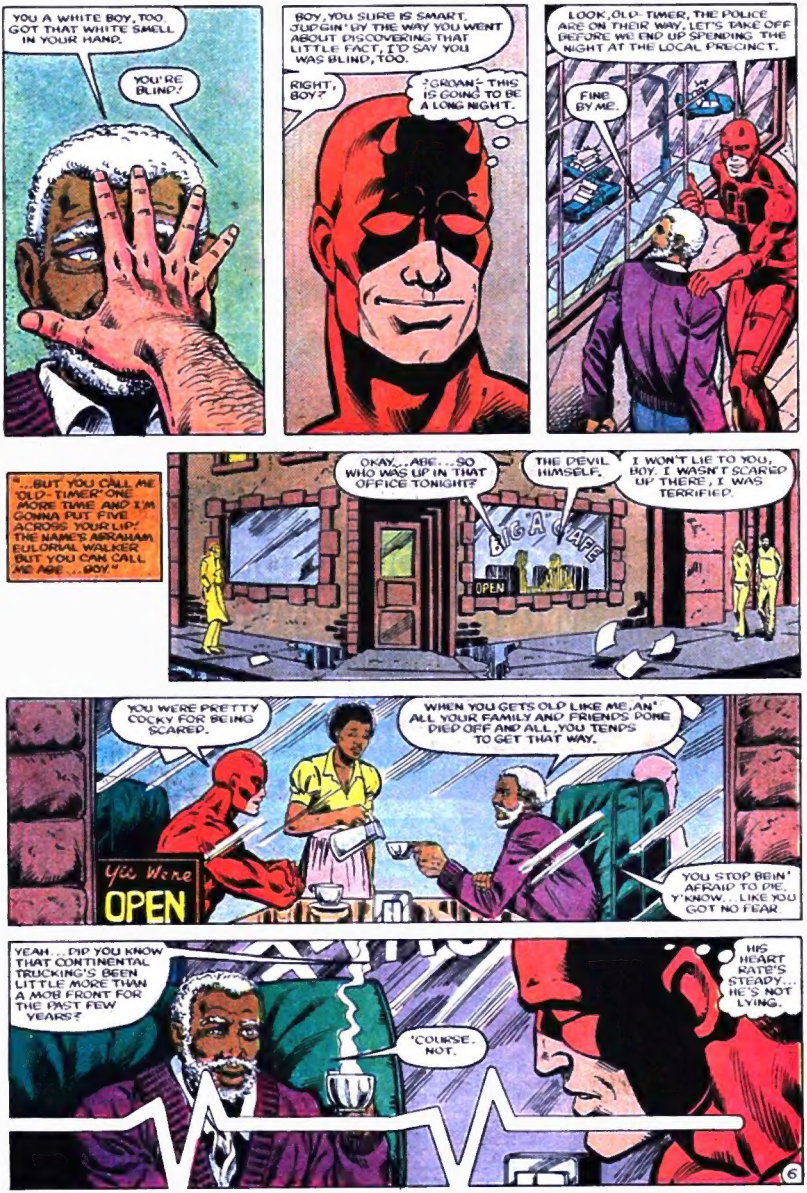


BURN THIS JERK.
"I'M GLAD YOU DID THAT."

GUNSHOTS COMING FROM UPSTAIRS!
I'D BETTER STEP ON IT.
3

WE... WE EMPTIED OUR GUNS INTO THIS GUY...
...AND HE'S STILL STANDIN'...
"Y'KNOW, I USED TO REALLY LIKE YOU GUYS. REMEMBER... YOU USED TO CALL ME 'PAL'... PAT ME ON THE BACK...
"LOUSY... STINKIN'..."
ZAKASH!
WHAT...
...WAS...
...THAT...?
THAT SOUND... THE MOMENTARY BURST OF HEAT...
POSSIBLY A LARGE BURST OF ENERGY BEING RELEASED.
ENERGY LIKE THE RADIOACTIVE BURST THAT ROBBED ME OF MY SIGHT WHEN I WAS A CHILD AND HEIGHTENED MY REMAINING SENSES TO PARANORMAL LEVELS.
AND THAT STENCH...
...LIKE CHARRED FLESH.
4


WHAT WENT ON IN HERE?
THERE ARE FAINT TRACES OF COBALT IN THE AIR... THESE MEN WERE ARMED. IT SEEMS THEIR GUNS WERE OF NO USE TO THEM.
THEY WERE BURNED DOWN WHERE THEY STOOD.
THAT MAKES THIS MURDER A MANIACAL, INSANE MURDER.
THE RESIDUAL RADIATION'S PLAYING HAVOC WITH MY RADAR SENSE, BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE ELSE HERE.
I DON'T THINK HE'S THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS, THOUGH.
EVEN AT ITS ACCELERATED NERVOUS RATE, HIS HEART BEAT'S A BIT SLOWER THAN NORMAL.
HE'S AN OLD MAN.
STAY AWAY FROM ME.
DON'T BE AFRAID.
I AIN'T NEVER SAID I WAS AFRAID, BOY. I JUST SAID STAY AWAY.
SPRY OLD-TIMER, AREN'T YOU?
"SPRY" IS FOR CHICKENS, AND OLD TIMES IS FOR "OLD TIMERS", SO WHAT NEW THING YOU GONNA TELL ME, BOY?
5


YOU A WHITE BOY, TOO. GOT THAT WHITE SMELL IN YOUR HAND.
YOU'RE BLIND.'
BOY, YOU SURE IS SMART. JUDGIN' BY THE WAY YOU WENT ABOUT DISCOVERING THAT LITTLE FACT, I'D SAY YOU WAS BLIND, TOO.
RIGHT, BOY?
:GROAN: THIS IS GOING TO BE A LONG NIGHT.
LOOK, OLD-TIMER, THE POLICE ARE ON THEIR WAY. LET'S TAKE OFF BEFORE WE END UP SPENDING THE NIGHT AT THE LOCAL PRECINCT.
FINE BY ME.
"...BUT YOU CALL ME 'OLD-TIMER' ONE MORE TIME AND I'M GONNA PUT FIVE ACROSS YOUR LIP! THE NAME'S ABRAHAM EULORIAL WALKER BUT YOU CAN CALL ME ABE...BOY."
OKAY...ABE...SO WHO WAS UP IN THAT OFFICE TONIGHT?
THE DEVIL HIMSELF.
I WON'T LIE TO YOU, BOY. I WASN'T SCARED UP THERE, I WAS TERRIFIED.
BIG A VAPE
OPEN
YOU WERE PRETTY COCKY FOR BEING SCARED.
WHEN YOU GETS OLD LIKE ME, AN' ALL YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS PONE DIED OFF AND ALL, YOU TENDS TO GET THAT WAY.
We're OPEN
YOU STOP BEIN' AFRAID TO DIE, Y'KNOW... LIKE YOU GOT NO FEAR.
YEAH... DID YOU KNOW THAT CONTINENTAL TRUCKING'S BEEN LITTLE MORE THAN A MOB FRONT FOR THE PAST FEW YEARS?
'COURSE. NOT.
HIS HEART RATE'S STEADY... HE'S NOT LYING.
6

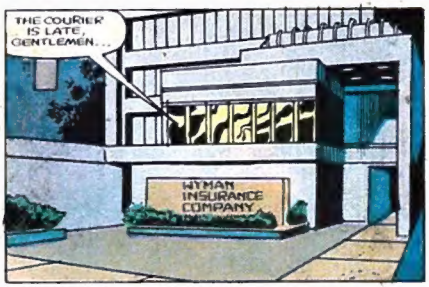
LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, BOY. I BEEN WORKIN' ON CONTINENTAL'S LOADIN' PLATFORM GOIN' ON TWENTY YEARS. WHEN A STROKE LEFT ME BLIND, THEY MOVED ME INSIDE.
JANITOR WORK MAY HURT THE PRIDE, BUT TWENTY YEARS' PENSION WILL SURELY MAKE MY POCKET FEEL JUST FINE.
SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHY THIS MANIAC KILLED THESE MEN?
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEM HOODS. THEY WAS RUDE AND CRUDE. I S'POSE THEY LET ME STAY AND WORK 'CAUSE THEY KNOW I CAN'T IDENTIFY 'EM.
GET WITH THE PROGRAM, BOY.

NO, THE ONLY INTEREST I GOT IN WHOEVER KILLED 'EM IS, THE MAN STOLE SOMETHIN' OF MINE.
SOMETHING OF YOURS?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID. 'SMATTER? YOU DEAF TOO, BOY?

IT'S A LOCKET. GOT A PICTURE OF MY DEAD WIFE. IT AIN'T MUCH, BOY, BUT IT'S ALL I GOT TO REMEMBER HER BY.
I KEEPS IT IN A SATCHEL I TAKES WITH ME TO WORK WHOEVER KILLED THEM HOODS TOOK MY BAG WITH HIM.
WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?

GUESS HE MISTOOK IT FOR THIS.
SMELLS LIKE *MONEY* TO ME, BOY. YOU...?

MEANWHILE...


THE COURIER IS LATE, GENTLEMEN...
WYMAN INSURANCE COMPANY

...VERY, VERY LATE.

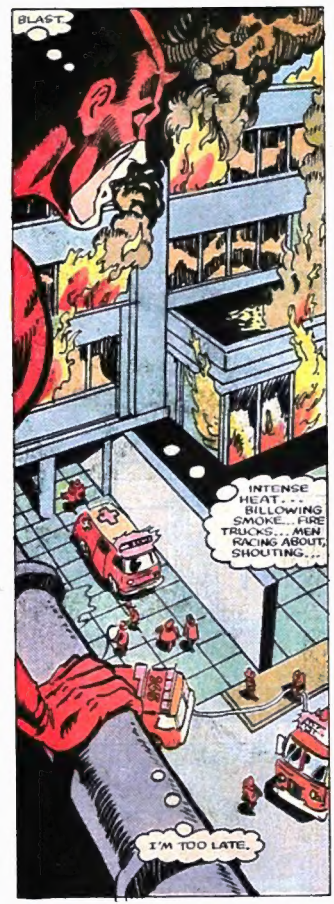
WE SENT HIM TO CONTINENTAL TRUCKING'S WAREHOUSE WITH $700,000 IN CASH AND A COMPLEMENT OF HIRED MUSCLE.
HIS DELAY IN RETURNING WITH OUR MERCHANDISE CANNOT, THEREFORE, BE AN ACCIDENT. I RECOMMEND WE...
...SIT DOWN AND SHADDUP.

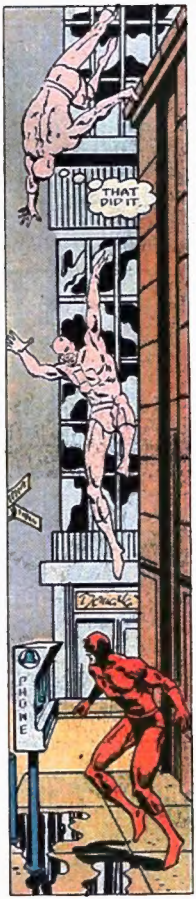
HOW... HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
I SAID, SHADDUP.
I GOT YOUR MONEY AND CONTINENTAL'S DOPE. LET'S DEAL.

GIVE ME A GOOD REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T SHOOT YOU.
Y'KNOW YOU GUYS GOT A LOT MORE CLASS THAN CONTINENTAL, BUT YOU'RE JUST AS STUPID.
GO AHEAD, KNOCK YOURSELVES OUT.
THEN IT'LL BE MY TURN.

THREE BLOCKS AWAY...
I MUST BE GETTING OLD. IT TOOK ME FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET BACK TO CONTINENTAL TRUCKING AND CHECK THEIR BOOKS FOR A 700 GRAND FIGURE!
THERE'S NO WAY THEY'D MOVE THAT KIND OF MONEY AROUND WITHOUT WRITING IT DOWN SOMEWHERE.

SO, IT SEEMS THIS "WYMAN INSURANCE" IS THE OTHER END OF CONTINENTAL'S PIPELINE. WELL, IT'S JUST A HUNCH, BUT WHOEVER TOOK OUT CONTINENTAL'S PEOPLE MIGHT JUST WANT TO PUT THE SQUEEZE ON...
...THE OTHER END...?

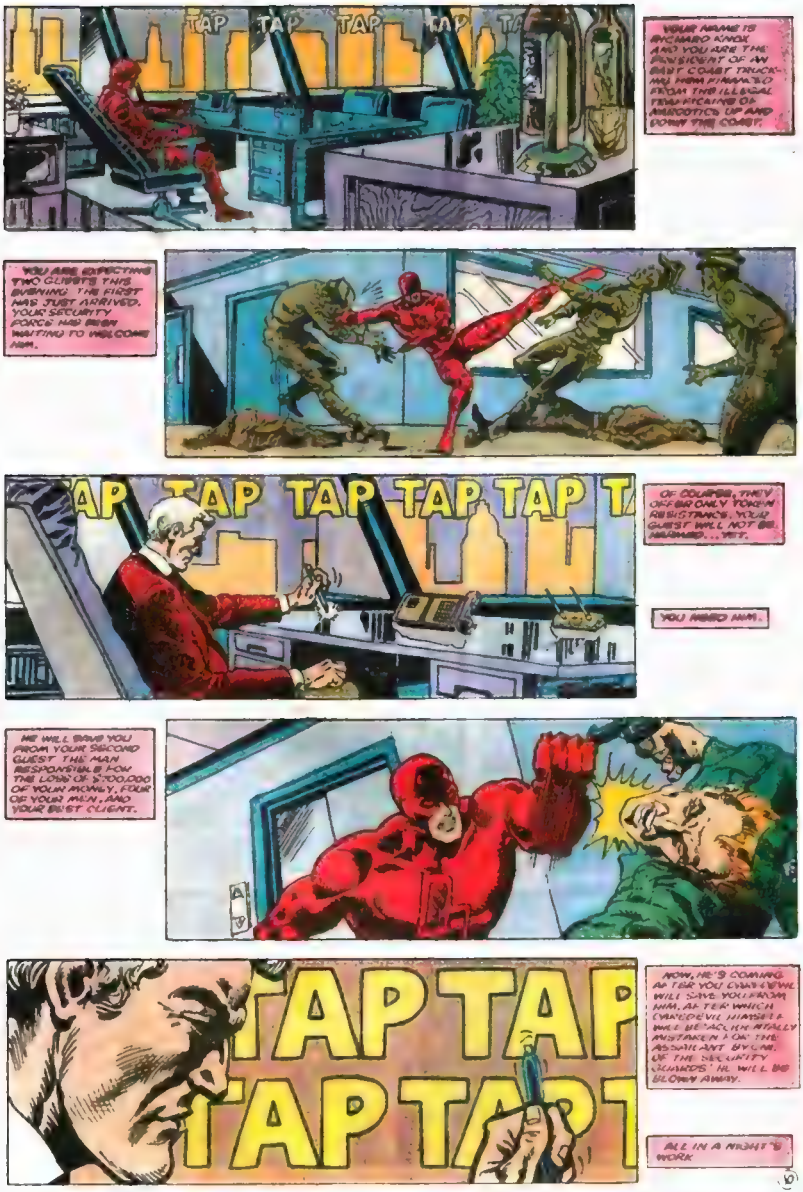

BLAST
INTENSE HEAT... BILLOWING SMOKE... FIRE TRUCKS... MEN RACING ABOUT, SHOUTING...
I'M TOO Llate.


THAT DID IT.
CRIME

THIS INSANITY IS GOING TO STOP.

PHONE BOOK'S OLD IMPRESSIONS ARE VERY WEAK; IT'S A LITTLE HARD FOR ME TO "READ". NOW, LET'S SEE....
CONTINENTAL... CONCTINENTAL... CONTINENTAL...

CONTINENTAL TRUCKING CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS.


TAP TAP TAP TAP TA
YOUR NAME IS RICHARD KNOX AND YOU ARE THE PRESIDENT OF AN EAST COAST TRUCKING HIM FINANCED FROM THE ILLEGAL TRAFFICKING OF NARCOTICS UP AND DOWN THE COAST.
YOU ARE EXPECTING TWO GUESTS THIS EVENING THE FIRST HAS JUST ARRIVED. YOUR SECURITY FORCE HAS BEEN WAITING TO WELCOME HIM.
AP TAP TAP TAP TAP TA
OF COURSE, THEY OFFER ONLY TOKEN RESISTANCE. YOUR GUEST WILL NOT BE HARMED... YET.
YOU NEED HIM.
HE WILL SAVE YOU FROM YOUR SECOND GUEST THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE LOSS OF $700,000 OF YOUR MONEY, FOUR OF YOUR MEN, AND YOUR BEST CLIENT.
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
NOW, HE'S COMING AFTER YOU CAREDEVIL WILL SAVE YOU FROM HIM, AFTER WHICH CAREDEVIL HIMSELF WILL BE ACCIDENTALLY MISTAKEN FOR THE ASSAILANT BY ONE OF THE SECURITY GUARDS! HE WILL BE BLOWN AWAY.
ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK

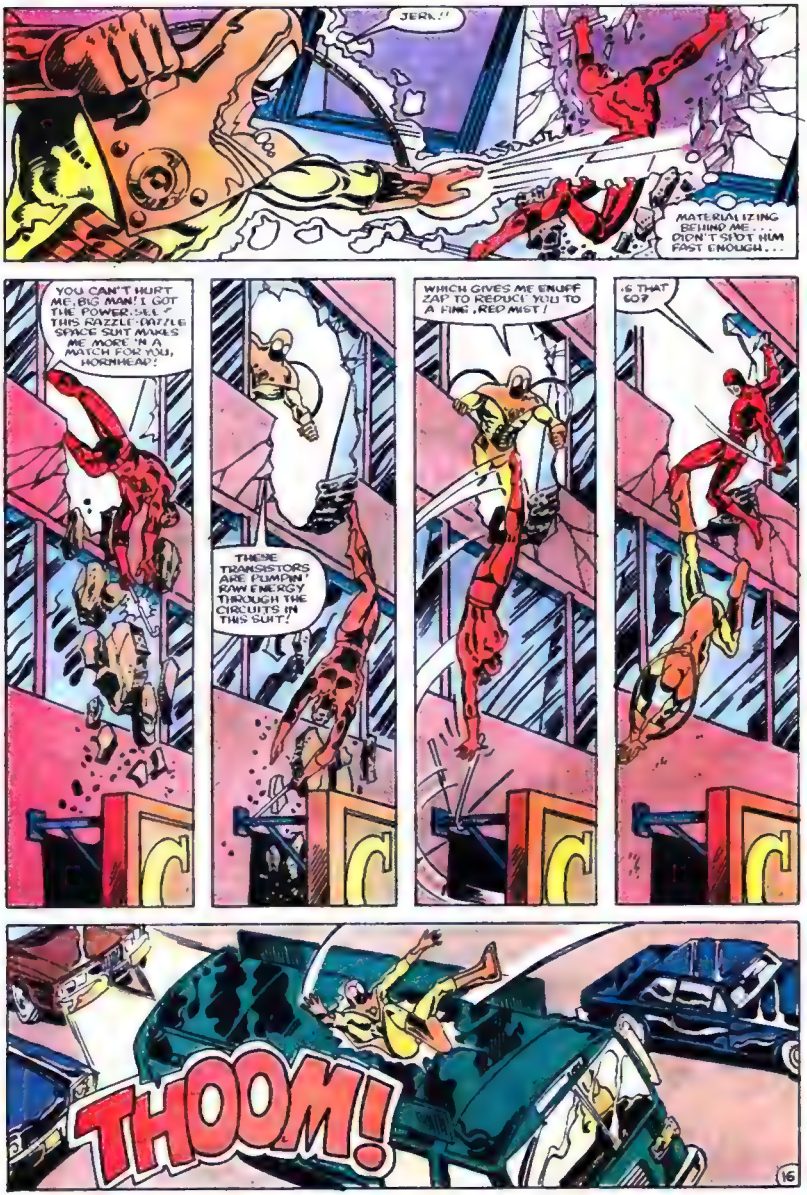
FINALLY..
GOOD EVENING, DAREDEVIL.
TRUCKING
NINE MEN ARE DEAD, MR KNOX. YOU KNOW WHY. YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME.
SOMEONE'S GOT A GRIPE WITH YOU, KNOX. THAT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS.
THE MAN'S BUTCHERED NINE PEOPLE. BURNED THEM TO ASHES. THAT IS MY BUSINESS.
TALK TO ME.
DAREDEVIL. SOMEONE IS ON HIS WAY OVER TO KILL ME.
HE'S THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
IN FACT, HE'S ONE OF MY TRUCK DRIVERS.
11

HIS NAME IS MIKE STONE.
"HE'S A TEN-YEAR MAN HERE AT CONTINENTAL. HE USED TO HAVE OUR REGULAR NY-MIAMI RUN.
CONTINENTAL TRUCKING
"OF COURSE, DAREDEVIL, YOU ARE... ACQUAINTED WITH OUR DEALINGS IN ILLEGAL CONTRABAND. MIKE STONE EVENTUALLY ATTAINED A POSITION OF TRUST WITHIN THE COMPANY THAT ENABLED HIM TO BE PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR LARGE SHIPMENTS OF THIS CONTRABAND.
"HOWEVER, OUR MR. STONE WAS NEVER NOTED FOR HIS SUPERIOR INTELLECT. HE BEGAN TO PEDDLE PART OF HIS SHIPMENT TO LOCAL DEALERS
"THIS ENDANGERED THE ENTIRE OPERATION.
"SO, STONE WAS LET GO WITH THE APPROPRIATE THREATS. THOSE THREATS WERE MEANT. HE TOOK IT VERY PERSONALLY.
"ON HIS FINAL FLORIDA RUN BEFORE HIS DISMISSAL, STONE MADE ANY EXCUSE TO CATCH ON A WEEKEND FISHING TRIP."
12

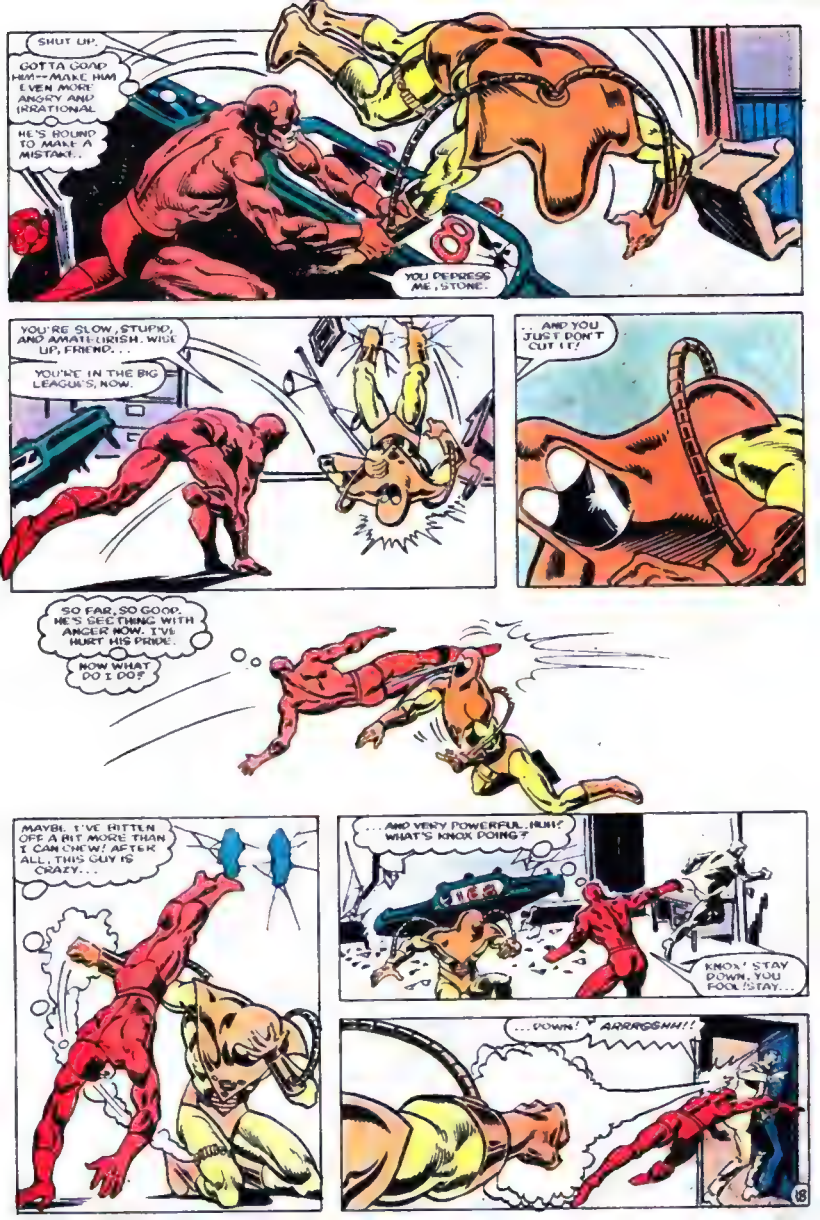
"IT WAS A COSTUME PRESUMABLY, IT CAME FROM SPACE.
"AT FIRST HE TRIED IT ON AS A JOKE.
"WHAT HE FOUND WAS THE SUIT BECAME INCREASINGLY PAINFUL FOR HIM TO REMOVE.
"AND, EQUALLY AS UNNERVING, STONE BEGAN TO DEVELOP STRANGE ABILITIES... POWERS...
THE MAN IS DANGEROUS.
THIS SPACE SUIT OF HIS GIVES HIM INCREDIBLE POWER. IT'S DEFENSE SYSTEMS INCLUDE HIGH-LEVEL ENERGY RADIATION BURSTS AMONG OTHER OFFENSIVE CAPABILITIES.
HE CAN INSTANTLY TRANSPORT HIMSELF ANYWHERE ON EARTH, THANKS TO THE SUIT'S CYBERNETIC MICRO-CIRCUITRY. HE CAN TUNE INTO ANY SOUND FREQUENCY ON EARTH, INCLUDING THAT OF THE HUMAN VOICE. HE COULD BE LISTENING TO US NOW.
KNOX...
"HOW DID YOU COME TO KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THIS "STONE" GUY?
HE CALLED AND TOLD ME.
13

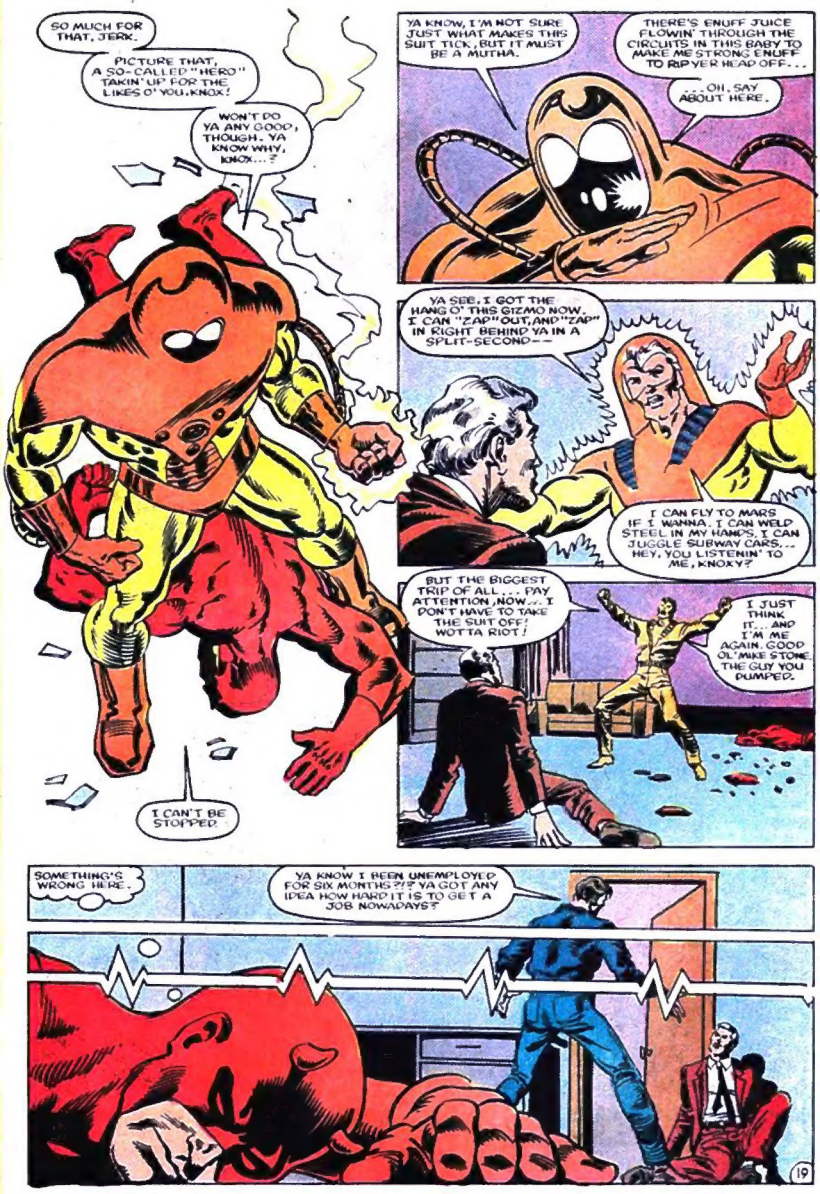
NOW, PAREDEVIL, AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST.
YOU SEEM PRETTY CONFIDENT THAT I'M NOT GOING TO JUST LEAVE AND LET THIS LUNATIC FRY YOU, KNOX
YOU WON'T. CORRECT ME IF I'M WRONG. AS MUCH AS YOU MAY DESPISE ME FOR WHAT I DO, YOU LOVE THE LAW MORE YOU'RE A JUSTICE FREAK -- FACE IT.
YOU WON'T LET STONE KILL ME YOU CAN'T.
"CRAZY WHITE BOY. HE'S PROBABLY DONE GOT HIMSELF KILT CHASIN' THAT NUT.
BIG 'A' CAFE
OPEN
"AND CRAZY OL' ABE SIT'T IN HERE. JUST LIKE HE TOLD ME TO, HOPIN' HE'LL MAKE IT BACK.
"WE DESERVES EACH OTHER."
LATER, BACK AT RICHARD KNOX'S OFFICE.
I PROMISED YOU I'D COME FOR YOU, KNOX.
MIKE STONE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS PROMISES.
SO LET'S JUST GET THIS OVER WITH, HUH?
14

IF YOU INSIST, STONE.
DAREDEVIL!
BETTER PUT THIS GUY AWAY FAST...
SINCE I'M NOT SURE JUST WHAT I'M UP AGAINST...
...OR EXACTLY WHAT THIS SUIT OF HIS...
...CAN DO...!
15


JERK!!
MATERIALIZING BEHIND ME... DION'T SHOT HIM FAST ENOUGH...
YOU CAN'T HURT ME, BIG MAN! I GOT THE POWER-SUL ✓ THIS RAZZLE-DAZZLE SPACE SUIT MAKES ME MORE 'N A MATCH FOR YOU, HORNHEAD!
THESE TRANSISTORS ARE PUMPIN' RAW ENERGY THROUGH THE CIRCUITS IN THIS SUIT!
WHICH GIVES ME ENUFF ZAP TO REDUCE YOU TO A FINE, RED MIST!
IS THAT GOD?
THOOM!

OKAY.
NOW I'M TICKED OFF.
I WAS BEIN' NICE. I WAS GONNA LET YOU WALK. BUT NOOOOOO...
OKAY, HERO HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
SKRUNCH!
REMEMBER... YOU ASKED FOR IT!!
168
HE'S LOSING CONTROL. GOING MAD WITH POWER.
STAY DOWN, KNOX!
M, AH' MY SUIT ARE COMIN' AFTER YOU, P.D....
AND YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE IT WHEN WE CATCH YA!
I AM THE MAN! I AM THE POWER! THE JUICE IS FLOWIN'! ALL MY CIRCUITS ARE COOKIN'!
17


SHUT UP.
GOTTA GOAD HIM--MAKE HIM EVEN MORE ANGRY AND IRRATIONAL.
HE'S BOUND TO MAKE A MISTAKE...
YOU DEPRESS ME, STONE.
YOU'RE SLOW, STUPID, AND AMATEURISH. WISE UP, FRIEND...
YOU'RE IN THE BIG LEAGUES, NOW.
...AND YOU JUST DON'T CUT IT!
SO FAR, SO GOOD. HE'S SEETHING WITH ANGER NOW. I'VE HURT HIS PRIDE.
NOW WHAT DO I DO?
MAYBE I'VE BITTEN OFF A HIT MORE THAN I CAN CHEW! AFTER ALL, THIS GUY IS CRAZY...
...AND VERY POWERFUL, HUH? WHAT'S KNOX DOING?
KNOX! STAY DOWN, YOU FOOL! STAY...
...DOWN! ARRRGGHH!!

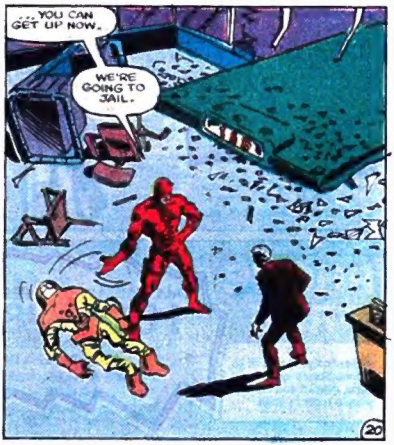

SO MUCH FOR THAT, JERK.
PICTURE THAT, A SO-CALLED "HERO" TAKIN' UP FOR THE LIKES O' YOU, KNOX!
WON'T DO YA ANY GOOD, THOUGH. YA KNOW WHY, KNOX...?
I CAN'T BE STOPPED
YA KNOW, I'M NOT SURE JUST WHAT MAKES THIS SUIT TICK, BUT IT MUST BE A MUTHA.
THERE'S ENUFF JUICE FLOWIN' THROUGH THE CIRCUITS IN THIS BABY TO MAKE ME STRONG ENUFF TO RIP YER HEAD OFF...
...OH, SAY ABOUT HERE.
YA SEE, I GOT THE HANG O' THIS GIZMO NOW. I CAN "ZAP" OUT, AND "ZAP" IN RIGHT BEHIND YA IN A SPLIT-SECOND--
I CAN FLY TO MARS IF I WANNA. I CAN WELD STEEL IN MY HANDS. I CAN JUGGLE SUBWAY CARS... HEY, YOU LISTENIN' TO ME, KNOX?
BUT THE BIGGEST TRIP OF ALL... PAY ATTENTION, NOW... I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THE SUIT OFF! WOTTA RIOT!
I JUST THINK IT... AND I'M ME AGAIN. GOOD OL' MIKE STONE. THE GUY YOU PUMPED.
SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE.
YA KNOW I BEEN UNEMPLOYED FOR SIX MONTHS?!? YA GOT ANY IDEA HOW HARD IT IS TO GET A JOB NOWADAYS?

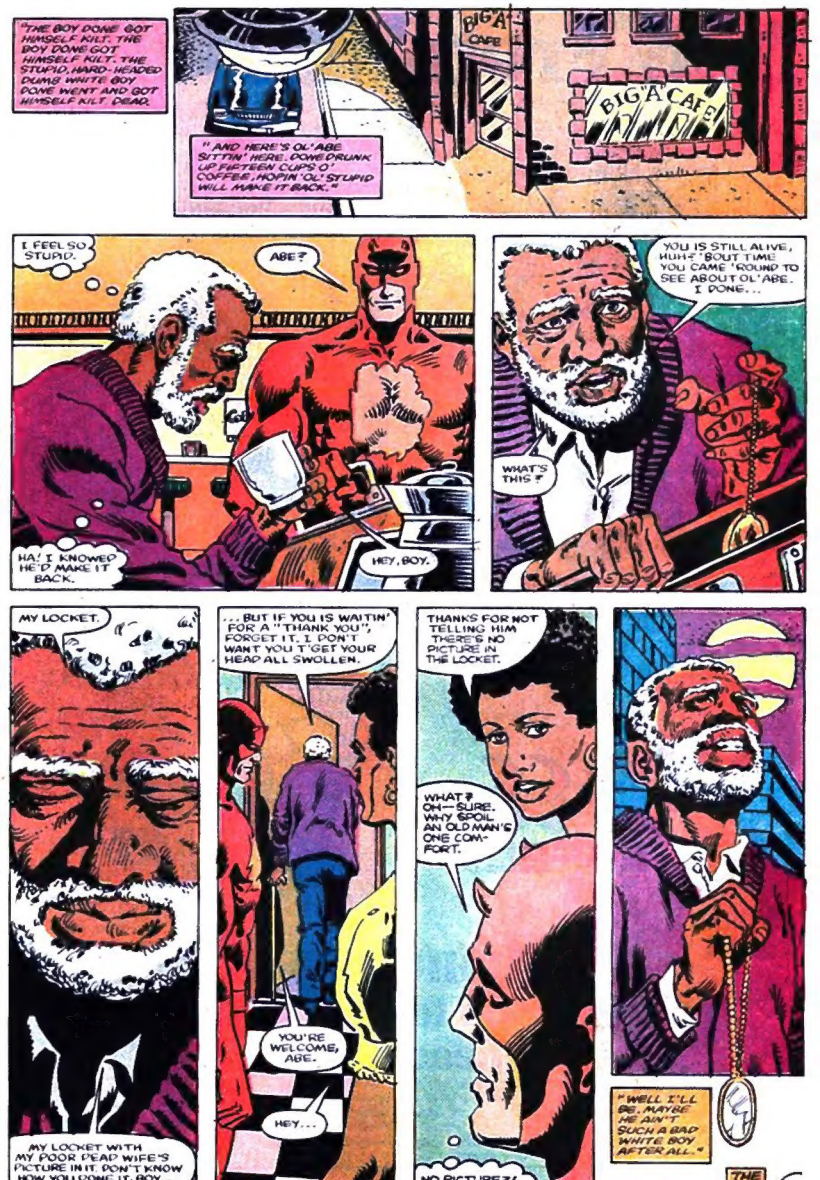
STONE HAS NO HEARTBEAT. AT FIRST I THOUGHT HE WAS WEARING SOME KIND OF SUPER-INSULATED GARB THAT NULLIFIED MY HYPER-SENSITIVE HEARING.
BUT NOW HE'S WITHOUT THE SUIT AND STILL THERE'S NO HEARTBEAT.

ALSO, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PICK UP ANY TRACE OF ELECTRONIC SENTIENCE WITHIN THAT OUTFIT.
NOT EVEN THE FAINTEST CLICKS OR HUMS OF ELECTRONIC SWITCHING OR THE CHANNELING OF MASSIVE LOADS OF ENERGY!
IT'S JUST A HUNCH, BUT I DON'T THINK THE SUIT POWERS HIM...

...I THINK HE POWERS THE SUIT!

INTERESTING. I'M NO SCIENTIST, BUT I'D SAY THIS SUIT IS SOME KIND OF MATTER TRANSFORMER. THE MORE STONE WORE IT, THE MORE HIS FLESH AND BLOOD WERE CONVERTED INTO SOME PURE FORM OF ENERGY.
ENERGY THAT IS NOW DISEMBODIED, SCATTERED THROUGH THE AIR.
THE POOR FOOL.
BY THE WAY, MR. STONE...


...YOU CAN GET UP NOW.
WE'RE GOING TO JAIL.


"THE BOY DONE GOT HIMSELF KILT. THE BOY DONE GOT HIMSELF KILT. THE STUPID, HARD-HEADED DUMB WHITE BOY DONE WENT AND GOT HIMSELF KILT. DEAD.
" AND HERE'S OL' ABE SITTIN' HERE, DONE DRUNK UP FIFTEEN GOOD CUPS O' COFFEE, HOPIN' OL' STUPID WILL MAKE IT BACK."
BIG 'A' CAFE
BIG 'A' CAFE
I FEEL SO STUPID.
ABE?
HA! I KNOWED HE'D MAKE IT BACK.
HEY, BOY.
YOU IS STILL ALIVE, HUH? 'BOUT TIME YOU CAME 'ROUND TO SEE ABOUT OL' ABE. I DONE...
WHAT'S THIS?
MY LOCKET.
MY LOCKET WITH MY POOR DEAD WIFE'S PICTURE IN IT. DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DONE IT, BOY...
...BUT IF YOU IS WAITIN' FOR A "THANK YOU", FORGET IT. I DON'T WANT YOU T'GET YOUR HEAD ALL SWOLLEN.
YOU'RE WELCOME, ABE.
HEY...
THANKS FOR NOT TELLING HIM THERE'S NO PICTURE IN THE LOCKET.
WHAT? OH—SURE. WHY SPOIL AN OLD MAN'S ONE COMFORT.
NO PICTURE?!
"WELL I'LL BE. MAYBE HE AIN'T SUCH A BAD WHITE BOY AFTER ALL."
THE END

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

RALPH MACCHIO: editor — CRAIG ANDERSON: assistant editor

℅ MARVEL COMICS GROUP-387 Park Avenue South-New York, New York-10016

Attention correspondents: if you don't want your full address printed, please be sure to tell us so!

Whenever something new or unusual is done, there is always a good chance that it won't be received well. DAREDEVIL #219, which didn't feature DD in costume at all, could have been a major bomb on par with, well, the Edsel perhaps. It was, instead, a huge success garnering more positive mail than any other book in recent memory! Anyway, rather than appearing *braggadocio*, let's let the mail speak for itself.

Dear Marvel,

Frank Miller is noted for doing the daringly different. Even if only for one issue, his return to DAREDEVIL has enhanced this reputation. Miller proves once again that in the comic world, as in the real world, one need not wear a costume to effect justice. Whether saving the world from a colossal threat or merely salvaging one's dignity, Miller reminds us that the premise for both large and small victories is the same — justice is not won, but earned.

A story need not be a slugfest of titanic proportion nor a shining example of good over evil. Rather, a story should restore one's faith in the human spirit. Every once in a while, a story appears that inspires the term "classic." "Badlands" is such a story. Thanx.

Robert Sinclair
West Hill, Ontario, Canada

Dear Daredevils,

I think you really are daredevils for trying something different like issue #219. I also think Lt. Costello was right in saying that "Daredevil ain't human." I say he's a little more than human.

Sean Glenville
Sanford, MD 48657

Dear Marvel,

I'm writing to thank you for the best darn comic I've ever read. I go through a lot of trouble having my comics sent over to me here in Korea but when I read a comic like DAREDEVIL #219, it's worth all the trouble. Keep up the good work.

Pat Murray
OSAN AB Korea

Dear Ralph,

DD #219 isn't the common junkfood for the mind. This is real writing. This challenges the reader. This makes you think instead of mindlessly float along. This is great. This is Frank Miller. Read and learn.

Kenny Everhart
Camden, OH 45311

Marvel,

I loved DAREDEVIL #219. I don't care how strange you said it was, I loved it.

Bryan Alaspa
Chicago, IL 60631

Dear Mr. Macchio,

It was certainly refreshing to see a basically new idea in a comic, particularly when most of the ones that I've been reading lately have pretty much the same plot, setting, and character types. Seldom can one read a comic without the heroes all clad in their leotards fighting Super Villains. But in "Badlands," Matt Murdock was never shown in costume and the people he fought were normal, believable characters.

Not only was the story great, but the art was, too. Mr. Buscema and Mr. Talaoc did a wonderful job making Broken Cross look and feel like a dingy, gritty, industrial town just about on its last legs. This was certainly one of the best comics that I've ever read but I'm hoping that you'll be able to surpass even the quality of "Badlands" in the future.

Thanks for a great book that I feel ranks with the best in literature.

Michael Hartford
No Address Given

Dear Daredevils,

Words cannot explain how stupendous DAREDEVIL #219 was. **It had to be the best issue** I have ever read. **I hope you plan on making** more just like it. **I loved the way you showed** that Matt Murdock **is a hero** without his Daredevil costume. After reading it I was totally stunned.

Robert Henriksen
Hauppauge, NY 11788

Dear Devilites,

Issue #219 was mystifying, suspenseful, intriguing, interesting, strange, weird, confusing, chilling, weird, action-packed, freaky, (am I repeating myself or do I need glasses?) and downright kooky. I liked it!

Clint Vollmers
Pequannock, NY

Ralph,

In the past few years I think Daredevil has proven he plays against the rules. Under Frank Miller's direction DD seemed uncomfortable with the rules society has set for its heroes. His behavior has turned increasingly extreme as he pushes those limits beyond the norm.

"Badlands" adds another dimension to the enigmatic legend of Daredevil. It's a story about justice that was beyond the law and scope of a hero — a story that says a lot about how much Daredevil / Matt Murdock has grown in his own realization that there are limits to what he can accomplish. And, when faced with those limits, he adapts a new way to deal with the injustice he sees. Daredevil can get away with this because the character is far less defined than, say, Captain America, who is saddled with a role. Daredevil, whether in costume or as Matt Murdock or as a silent stranger, is able to see beyond black and white and realize that life is made up of gray areas.

Thanks for the best non-Daredevil ever.

Thomas Long
Edwardsville, IL 62025

Dear Devil-Doers,

I just got through reading DD #219 and I was really impressed. I have been a Daredevil fan for several years and this issue really caught my attention. I loved the mysterious atmosphere created by "the stranger" not uttering one word during the entire story. It was different from any other issue I've read because there was no red costume, no radar sense, no billy club, and no lawyer.

Tim Alexander
Charleston, W. VA 25314

Dear Hornheads,

One of the things that has made Marvel the best over the years has been the lack of hesitancy to try daring and innovative projects. Some have been duds, but the vast majority have turned into distinctive classics. Put DAREDEVIL #219 into the latter category.

Frank, wonderful. John and Gerry, simply fabulous. Ralph, thanks for the OK for this issue. Undoubtedly, some people will write and say that this issue, without even a glimpse of Daredevil or a word from "the stranger," was just plain ridiculous. Ignore them. This is what makes Marvel great.

Todd Erickson
Roseville, MN 55113

Actually Todd, few readers complained about the story at all. And the most common quibble wasn't that the story was badly written or badly drawn, rather that it was the uniqueness of the story.

On the other side of the coin, there were a few readers who felt slightly uncomfortable reading the adventures of MATT MURDOCK, man without a costume. Case in point . . .

Gentlemen,

In issue #219 you gave us another out-of-the-ordinary story to contemplate. I liked "Prophecy" (issue #21). It was an odd, but entertaining story, mainly because DD was STILL IN IT. But in "Badlands," you really went too far with a strange storyline. BRING BACK DAREDEVIL.

Paul Madory
No Address Given

We sure are sorry you didn't care for the story, Paul. Luckily for you the story was the exception, not the rule. For those of you who liked it, and nearly all of you did, you can expect to see more bold innovative stories from Marvel in the future. And for those Frank Miller fans out there, and nearly all of you are, watch for the ELEKTRA GAPHIC NOVEL written and drawn by Frank himself! It'll be on sale later this year — watch for it!